

MTM
A
X
COMICS

MOENCH

• GULACY

• PALMIOTTI

1

MASTER OF KUNG FU

TM

PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT



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DIRECT EDITION



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Here --
quickly!



He's
here?

Inside the
manor right
now.



And you're
certain you can
get me in?

This
way.



What --?
you said he'd
be alone.

No, he has
company.

Wealthy
company.



He pays
well...



...Far better
than British
Intelligence.

A
set-up.

You
baited a
trap...









Beauty.

Serenity.



Shang-Chi!
Shang-Chi!

Please,
Shang-Chi!

Life.

Teach me
another lesson,
Shang-Chi?



A small lesson, little one, demonstrated with your doll?

yes, Shang-Chi!

Very well.



Now beware, little one. This entire area is dangerous quicksand.

It is?



For the lesson, yes. And your doll...



...is now helpless. Even more helpless than a child.



So, what is the doll's salvation?



I...I don't know, Shang-Chi...if the doll is helpless in quicksand...



Think on it, little one, and ignore no possibility.

That is the lesson, Shang-Chi?



A lesson in progress, but waste no time -- for the doll is in danger.



Beauty.



Life.

Serenity.

The world, at last, is good.





H-he's
superb...

...you now
have...what
you've always
wanted.

God
help...the
w-world.

THE HELLFIRE APOCALYPSE

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Part 1:
Mortal Spirit

Just as the body is governed by its mind, so too does the mind rely on the body.

Without darkness, there is no light. Without chaos to define it, order cannot exist.

Even creation must come from destruction, and life itself feeds on death.

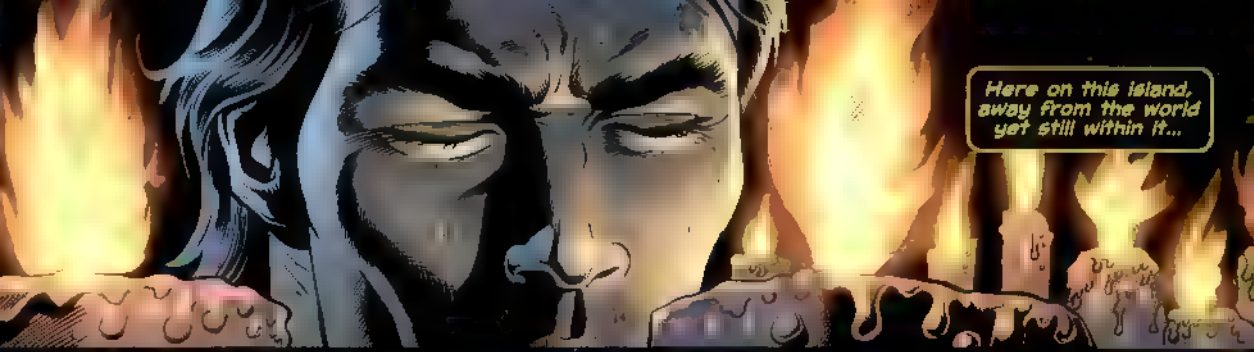
Without the mind, the body is an empty shell -- and without the body, the mind inhabits nothing.

The two are equal opposites, yin and yang, thought and action, bound in harmonious contrast...

...and the binding force, the balance between the two, is the spirit.

Still, knowing the truth eases nothing, not when my spirit itself is out of balance.

But... why?



Here on this island,
away from the world
yet still within it...



...I have sought perfection
of mind and body -- and
therefore of *spirit*.

Yet my mind refuses
to be still, tipping
all balance into
spiritual turmoil...



...even as it shapes
disturbing visions of --

Help me,
Shang!



-- Leiko?

Death
is near!



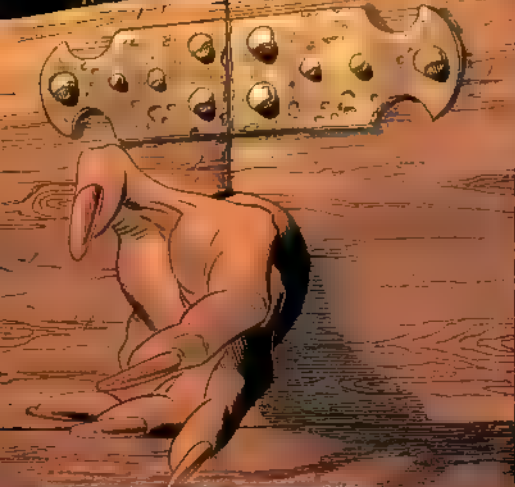
Leiko Wu --
the woman I
once loved...

Death
hunts us
all!



...now in
terror --
and pain.







-- Chi?



...Is that --



HWUKX



Y-You...

You haven't lost a step...

...not even the one across my f-face.



After all the trouble I slogged through to get here, Shang-Chi...



...nice way...



...to greet an old friend.



Clive
Reston.

Why
are you
here?

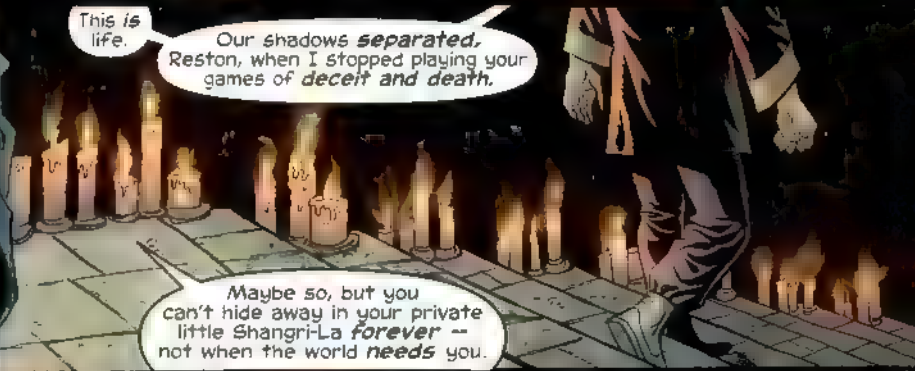


To talk you down
out of your
ivory tower,
Chi -- and back
to *life*.



This *is*
life.

Our shadows *separated*,
Reston, when I stopped playing your
games of *deceit and death*.



Maybe so, but you
can't hide away in your private
little Shangri-La *forever* --
not when the world *needs* you.



After my
father died, Reston,
I wanted nothing but
the peace his evil so
long *denied*.

Now that
I have *found* what
I wanted, I will *not*
surrender it.



You fought the good
fight as long as you
were *needed* -- and
now you're needed
again.

Your father
may be *dead*,
Chi, but his evil
lives on.

Meaning
what...?



Ever hear of the *Comte
de Saint Germain*?
Historical mystery man --
alchemist, philosopher, spy --
wrapped in *strange
myths*.

What
kind of
myths?



The kind claiming he manipulated world affairs from behind the scenes, popping up in key places at crucial moments in history -- across the span of *centuries*.

And the *point* of these myths?

We think they could be *true*, and that Saint Germain may be *alive and well* -- now calling himself "*the Ghost*."

A genuine *immortal*, Chi, just like your devil-doctor *daddy*. And he's inherited your father's resources and leagues of fanatical assassins, not to mention the same mad dreams of changing the world through *death and destruction*.



MI-6 is calling it "*the Hellfire Objective*" -- and it's *big*.

There's already one agent gone *missing* -- after Black Jack Tarr sent her to penetrate the Ghost's cell in *France*.



Who?

My *wife*.

Wife?

After you *left*...well, she assumed you made your choice, so she finally made *hers*.



Leiko Wu.

She's my *wife* now, Chi...



"...and she's in *danger*."

The Singapore docks, nineteen hours later:

Yet another safehouse bloody well blown!

I told you yer bloody *goose chase* was going to be trouble, Reston.

Hardly wasted if the *goose* is good to go.

Says you. But I say the stubborn Chinaman don't *care* enough to make the meet.

Trust me, Tarr -- Chi will show.

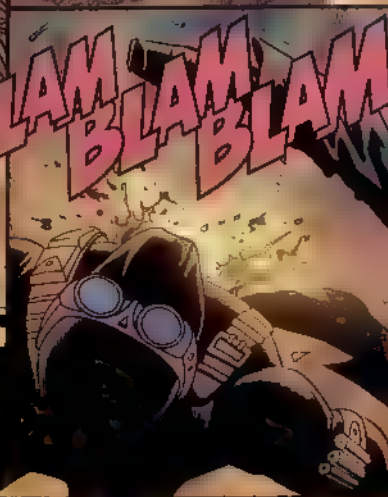
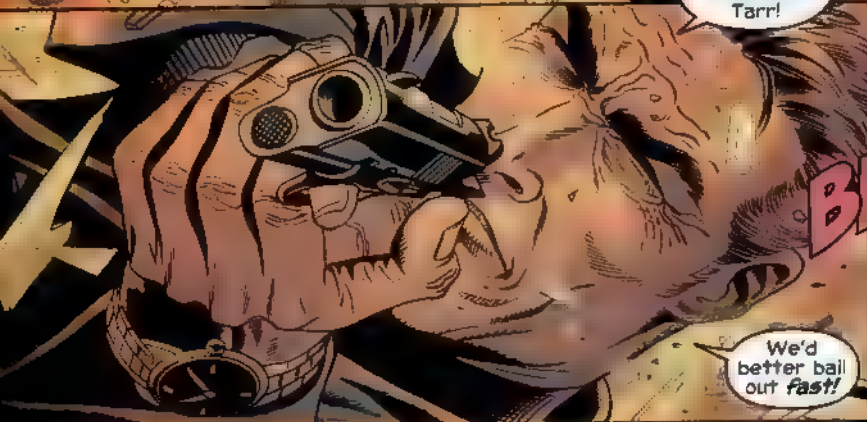
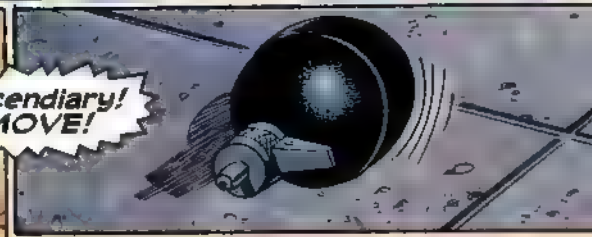
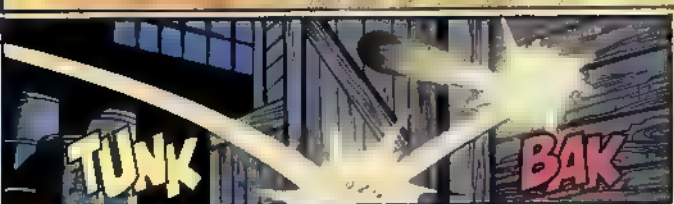
Awright, just drop it, Reston -- an' tell me how many freaks you *make* out there.

At least a *dozen* -- with more crawling from the *shadows*.

Ya ready?

On three.

Awright -- one...two...





Grab cover,
Reston!

Circle around
an' hook up by
the big post!



Awright, now
let's hope to hell
we're doin' this
in reverse.

Doing *what*
in reverse?

Jumpin'
from the fire
into the bloody
fryin' pan!



Not with these
drums, Tarr.



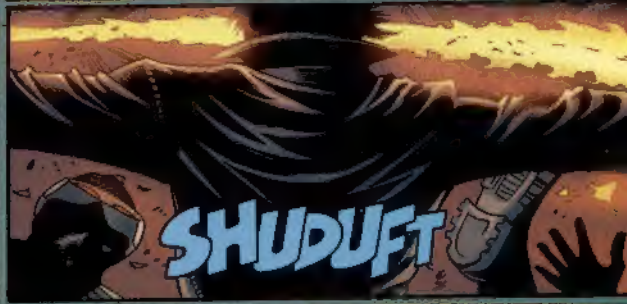
If they
hold *diesel*
fuel --





BLAM BDAM







Cease fire!
Take that one
alive!



Break for
it -- now!



Come on,
Chinaman!
We ain't got
all --

You go.
I will
hold them
back.



Like hell, ya bloody idjit! That's
a whole horde o' new-school
Dacot assassins itchin'
to practice *torture*
techniques!



Only over my
dead body,
Tarr --



-- and
don't call me
"Chinaman."

Part 2:
Immortal Blood